Pain

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Pain

by TigerPrawn

Summary

The next time Nigel sees Cal, the man has a strange request and a new way to get high.

Sequel to Dripping Wet In The Cop Car

Notes

Very vaguely inspired by the "bondage" scenes in The Path, this isn't in any way meant to be a true representation of BDSM. Whilst I have researched for a previous fic, this is not meant to be a depiction of BDSM - Cal and Nigel have no idea what they are doing and have no knowledge of the BDSM scene or proper etiquette.

Source for rope image in banner

See the end of the work for more notes

Pain

Nigel kept moving, the crowd control droids were keeping everyone so far back from the podium that the brief eye contact with Cal was all he'd been afforded. He hadn't even known The Movement was having a rally there today, he was just out to buy some smokes.

The last time Nigel had seen Cal, the man had been detoxing hard. He'd helped him get clean, wondered if that would stick, and then… Cal had left.

More accurately, Cal had fucked himself on Nigel's fingers in the back of a cop car, before taking off into the rainy night.

The problem with Cal was that he was chasing a feeling that he never seemed to find. His job - a way of life really - had made him numb to everything. Which, as one of the Leaders of the Movement, was probably for the best - needed to keep a clear head.

At first Nigel had just taken him to be like any other high profile junkie - need a fix, need a buzz. It wasn't until after the detox that Nigel realised that it wasn't the high Cal wanted, it was the combination of feeling everything and feeling nothing. Of being so blissed out in ecstasy that there was only pleasure and nothing else mattered.

Cal Roberts just wanted to feel.

And, apparently, Nigel made him feel things. Which probably explained the look on Cal's face when he noticed Nigel in the crowd. His expression made a journey through pleased surprise, concern to - finally - a hard blank slate.

Nigel kept walking, hands in pockets. Cal looked good though, healthy, clean. Nigel had a deep feeling of not being needed by the man, and he wasn't sure how that sat with him.

Truthfully, Nigel had expected Cal to come back. It had been obvious in the back of that cop car, he'd given Cal the hit he needed - a good fucking orgasm. The guy was obviously more resilient than he thought. Or he was getting his high - or a good fucking - somewhere else. The thought twisted Nigel's gut further.

Cal no longer needed his dealer.

Or so Nigel thought until he received a text later that night.

~I need to see you.

There followed an address and a time. Nigel, because for some reason he was clearly fucking insane, blindly went along.

*

When Nigel got to the address it was late, after 11pm, and it turned out to be one of those motels where people stayed long term. Clearly not Cal's actual residence. The leaders of the

Movement had some fancy mansions in a gated community - not quite the Garden they used to preach when they first started out a century ago. But Nigel guessed that was how all religions operated - absolute power corrupts, etc.

Nigel took the steps up to the second level two at a time, brushed back his hair with both hands and then knocked. Whilst he waited he checked his pockets - he had a few different pills and other paraphernalia, items he knew Cal had used before. Though he found himself strangely hopeful that Cal wanted to reenact their time in the cop car than get high in the traditional sense.

When Cal opened the door he looked stressed, and definitely not as well as he had at a distance. The bags under his eyes were dark and he looked harried. And, he was shirtless - wearing nothing but a pair of grey sweatpants - a light sheen of sweat across his brow and chest.

“Nigel.” Cal seemed to reel through a few emotions - relief, longing, even a little surprise.

“You called for me, gorgeous.” Nigel said, stepping forward until Cal dropped back so that he could enter the room and shut the door behind them. “I’ve got uppers, downers-”

“No.” Cal interrupted. “Not drugs. I… I don’t need drugs.”

The needy expression on Cal’s fast made Nigel’s cock twitch. “Yeah? Need something else from me huh?” Nigel grabbed his dick, giving it a squeeze whilst he grinned at Cal.

Cal looked pained for a moment. “I… I needed someone I trust.”

Nigel barked out a laugh at the idea, but it was quickly tempered by the expression on Cal’s face. Not hurt but open and vulnerable.

“What do you need?” Nigel asked, moving forward to crowd against Cal and hating himself for it. He hated this ridiculous drive he had to be all protective and obsessive… and damn if Cal didn’t bring it out of him in spades, no matter how hard he tried to resist.

Now, apparently, wasn’t the time for resisting.

Nigel pressed himself tight to Cal, hands on the man’s hips and lips ghosting over his neck. “Do you need me to fuck you gorgeous? Do you want to fuck me? Whatever you want baby.”

He started to nuzzle at Cal’s neck and enjoyed the responding shiver before Cal pushed him back - hands firm against his chest until they were a short distance apart. Cal shook his head.

“I need…” he stopped and turned, walking the short corridor into the one room apartment. Nigel frowned and followed him. The place was much as would be expected from the outside - a large room with a low shelf that divided the bit with the bed from the bit with the shitty little table and less than basic kitchenette. The room was as clean as these places got, and fairly sparse. The bed hadn’t been slept in but the kitchen had been used to make coffee.

“Cal, what-” Nigel started before his words dried up. He had only passed a glance over it at first but now his eyes went back to the table where there were a few items - thick rope, metal

handcuffs, a ball gag.

“Darling… what… what is it you…” Nigel was uncharacteristically lost for words.

There was a plea in Cal’s eyes when he looked at Nigel through his lashes. He swallowed, his adam’s apple bobbing, before he spoke.

“I… After we… after I got clean. I needed something, and I didn’t know what. I just… I just needed to feel. The pressure of the… The Movement is just so… I need to escape sometimes and-”

“And now you want to be someone’s bitch instead of getting high?” Nigel asked, his words rough. This really wasn’t his sort of thing. He got violent with people when he had to, when people didn’t pay up, but in the bedroom? That was not his thing. And the idea of someone being submissive with him brought a grimace to his face. He didn’t mind someone screaming ‘fuck me harder daddy’ if that was their bag, but he wanted them to give as good as they got. It was one of the reasons he liked Cal in that way. Cal could ride his fingers like a needy bitch in heat, but he’d still have that look in his eyes that told Nigel what to do - that he was as much in charge of the situation.

Nigel shook his head. “Call me vanilla gorgeous, but fucking a submissive bitch doesn’t get my rocks off.” Maybe he should just leave before this got weird-er?

Cal shook his head. “I don’t want to… I don’t submit. I just want the pain.” He licked his lips slowly as though considering what to say next as he turned pleading eyes on Nigel. “I just want to feel something. I want you to help me feel something.”

Nigel found himself nodding before he’d even registered the words. Cal needing him so desperately was pulling everything within him tight with a responding need.

“What do you want me to do?” Nigel asked, his palms sweating and a tremor running through him at the thought of doing this. Could he really hurt Cal? Even if he was asking for it?

“Nothing visible.” Cal said, walking to the table. “I just want to… escape for a while.”

“By… being beat up?” Nigel frowned.

Cal returned the frown and shook his head. “It’s… have you ever heard of subspace?”

“Is that a NASA thing?”

Cal’s frown grew deeper. “It… Simply put it’s a state of euphoria reached by, amongst other things, being inflicted with pain.”

Nigel gave a deep nod, as though he understood further than Cal just really saying - ‘I just found a new way to get high’.

“Alright…” Nigel was hesitant.

“I have… tried to do this by myself but I can’t… reach what I am trying…”

“So… you want me to beat you up for you to get high.”

Cal rolled his eyes at that. “Not beat me up no. I’ve brought a few things… I didn’t know what you might be into.” When Nigel gave him a raised brow, Cal continued, “You’re a violent man, Nigel. A thug. I thought-”

“This isn’t the sort of violence I usually hand out, gorgeous.” Nigel sighed and walked over to stand behind Cal at the table. “If I’m honest, I’m not into any of this shit. But I’m willing to try and help you out.” He frowned down at the ball gag. That one was a no.

Cal pulled a duffel bag up from one of the chairs and started pulling a few more things out, including what looked like an instruction manual.

“Well… Could you… tie me up? Like this?” His tone was firm even as he hesitated, and he pointed to one of the images in the little booklet he held before placing it down on top of the bundle of rope. Then he pulled what looked like a sort of thin, black riding crop from the bag and turned to Nigel.

They were stood close again and the look of needy lust in Cal’s eyes as he looked at him was starting to revive Nigel’s flagging erection.

“Then you… You’ll cane my ass with this. Fifteen time.” Cal handed Nigel the cane, it was thin and flexible and Nigel found himself nodding. “And then Nigel… Once I’m blissed out of my mind, I want you to take out the plug I’m wearing and fuck me. I want to feel what it’s like to come like that… Take any pleasure for yourself that you want, then you can leave.”

“Fuck, gorgeous.” Nigel groaned, reaching a hand down to try and adjust his throbbing dick in his jeans, he couldn’t deny how much he enjoyed Cal bossing him around. “I… I don’t want to hurt you.”

“I want you to hurt me Nigel. I’m asking for it, giving you permission. I want you to hurt me that specific amount, no more, no less.” Cal took Nigel’s face in his hands and held him there, looking determinedly into his eyes. “Because I trust you to do this.”

Nigel’s jaw clenched. He didn’t take that trust lightly, even if he had no fucking clue why Cal had vested it in him. He was just the man’s dealer for fucksake. Sure, he was a dealer that hadn’t sold Cal out despite the tabloids likely willing to pay, and there was that time he helped him go cold turkey… And… well… there was also the couple of times they fucked. Maybe also the fact that Cal might suspect that Nigel would kill anyone that laid a finger on him...

“If you want to stop at any time that’s fine? If you want to stop we can. But I’d like you to try.” Cal’s words sounded like a plea but his tone and expression was hard - almost challenging. He wasn’t about to lose face over this. And neither was Nigel.

“Okay, let me tie you up and we’ll go from there.” Nigel said the words then shook his head at them wondering what the fuck he was getting into.

Cool, calm and charismatic as always, Cal talked Nigel through the process of tying him. They’d both stripped off and Cal, even naked - but now the most sober Nigel had seen him - exuded the confidence that clearly had raised him through the ranks of the Movement. A perfect cult leader for sure.

Nigel let out a chuckle at the brief thought that he was immune to Cal’s persuasion, though the current situation told him very different. The quizzical look from Cal silenced him to a grin and he shook his head.

Once the ropes were secured - like a harness binding Cal’s chest and upper arms - Nigel lowered him carefully onto the bed. His face was turned to one side against the pillow supporting his shoulders with his ass high in the air. And Nigel had to admit that seeing Cal all trussed up and ass ready for him, the plug wiggling a little between his cheeks, was fucking arousing.

Cal gave a little grunt of pleasure once he was comfortable and that had Nigel’s cock twitching - maybe he could get into this after all. Though that thought was only fleeting when Nigel looked down at the cane on the bed. It sat next to the lube and condoms that Cal had also retrieved from the bag.

Nigel picked up the cane and flexed it, rolling it between his fingers for a moment before snapping it against his own palm.

He winced at the sting.

“Cal… are you sure…”

Cal threw him a look over his shoulder as best he could in his position. It was a scowl but then softened to something more encouraging and Cal sighed out -

“Just make me fly, Nigel.”

The words, the way Cal said them, made Nigel tremble.

He was a little unnerved by how far he would go for a man who was, apparently, merely his customer. And not a good one at that these days.

His hand shook a little as he made the first tentative, almost glancing blow.

Cal hissed a breath and Nigel watched as his ass tightened around the plug in response, making it move tantalisingly. The little red welt that surfaced across Cal’s skin showed where the blow had landed and Nigel changed his position for the next - landing it directly across both cheeks and the plug - drawing a cry from Cal.

“Fuck…” Nigel muttered, his heart thundering and his breath catching with each blow. He still wasn’t sure how into this he was, but he was very into the increasingly blissed out look on Cal’s face.

By the seventh blow, Cal was making the most delightful noises - sounding as though he might come at any moment. Certainly, his cock was hanging heavy and engorged between his legs. Nigel had to resist the urge to grab hold of his own leaking cock and start jerking off.

“You’re fucking beautiful, darling.” Nigel found himself muttering sweet little endearments after each blow though he had no idea if Cal could hear him. Even with his eyes open he looked like he was somewhere else.

After the tenth blow Nigel’s pulse raced all the more, anticipation gripping him at the thought of fucking Cal’s rosey ass. That only increased with each shuddered groan from the man.

On the last blow - the fifteenth - Nigel stopped, trembling. His ears were ringing with the cracks he had made against Cal’s skin. The only sound now was his, and Cal’s, heavy breaths. Nigel threw the cane onto the bed next to Cal and moved behind him, taking a moment to hold his hands above the welts he had caused - feeling the heat of them.

“Cal, are you sure about this?” Nigel found himself asking again, wanting to make sure that nothing had changed. Cal gave the barest nod of his head, his face slack with pleasure. Nigel’s heart pounded - he’d never seen anyone look so high in his life, and that was really saying something.

He was trembling again when he grabbed a condom, ripping the packet open and rolling it onto his cock with a wince. He’d been so focused on Cal that he had barely registered how painfully hard he was. It wasn’t going to take a damn lot for him to come. He grabbed the lube, working a fistful of it up and down his cock before turning his attention back to Cal.

Nigel gently lowered his hand to the heat of Cal’s ass cheeks, surprised when the man didn’t flinch despite how clearly painful it must be. Instead Cal let out a needy whimper as Nigel started to trail his fingers lightly down his crack. When he touched the plug Cal moaned and pushed back.

His heart thundering, Nigel eased the plug slowly out of Cal and threw it onto the bed. His hole flexed invitingly and Nigel pushed two slicked fingers inside. He felt so good, just the thought of putting his cock in there made his eyes roll.

Cal was letting out little moans again as Nigel pushed slowly in and out, moving his fingers around and around until he was perfectly hitting Cal’s prostate on each pass. He added a third finger and continued to fuck into Cal, continued to hit his prostate until he was stuttering his moans.

When it seemed like Cal might be close, Nigel drew out his fingers and lined himself up, pushing slowly into him with a deep groan.

“I’ve got you, gorgeous.” Nigel soothed as Cal let out a slight hiss.

Nigel took a few slow strokes before changing his position, angling towards Cal’s now familiar prostate as he started to fuck into him. Cal cried out, the pleasure in the pain clear, as Nigel’s body slammed against his raw ass.

The cry faded to grunts and Cal looked completely blissed out, his eyes closed and his mouth completely slack, his body pliant. Nigel took hold of the ropes that bound him, using them as leverage to hold Cal as he thrust into him.

Cal started to shake and then he cried out again, this time his entire body tightened around Nigel as he spilled onto the bed beneath him. That was all Nigel needed for his own release - wincing as he came almost painfully into Cal's tightening ass. He thrust through the climax, two more slow strokes before collapsing over Cal's back.

Cal sank to the bed, trembling beneath him and Nigel was worried he was perhaps hurting his sore ass. So he gripped the end of condom and held it tight as he withdrew from Cal's still clenching hole.

Nigel clamered off the bed and went to the one door in the room, assuming correctly it to be the bathroom. He dropped the condom into the bin in there before returning to the doorway to look back at Cal. He looked beautiful and at peace. There was something in Nigel that couldn't help but take pride in being part of that.

He didn't want to disturb his peace, but he wasn't going to leave Cal all trussed up, so he went back to the bed and began to untie him, slowly and gently, letting the rope fall away as Cal murmured gentle sounds.

When he was done, Nigel grabbed his jeans from where they had fallen on the floor. He was about to put them on when he looked back at Cal. The pleasure was still there but also something else, a vulnerability. He was shivering slightly and Nigel knew the tell tale signs of someone starting to come down from a high.

He'd said Nigel could leave after and they hadn't discussed beyond that, but Nigel was damned if he was going to leave Cal to come down from all of this on his own.

Nigel dropped his jeans on the floor and went to the kitchenette. He found bottled water in the fridge and some snacks on the counter that Cal must have brought. He took them over to the bedside and placed them on the bedside table should Cal want them.

It wasn't truly until he looked down at the man's face again that he knew there was no way he could leave, even if Cal had intended that. So he crawled onto the bed alongside him, shifting some of the rope to lie comfortably. He pulled Cal into his arms and held him close, stroking his back tenderly and hushing him with soft noises as Cal dropped.

End Notes

I have a third part outlined that I'm hoping to start working on soon, so subscribe to the series if you want to know when it posts :D

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